

the killing game contiued

by stephanie

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> <meta name="Author"> thekillinggamecontuned The Killing Game
Continued
>by stephanie meyer
i don't own them, i don't claim to. it's just
for fun.

Bridgette caught her breath. She couldn't afford to stop. She needed to get to Madam Katrine's before the invasion began. If a German patrol found her out, after curfew, not even that bastard lover of hers could save her. She had the new code with her and needed to reach the restaurant before tonight's operation began. She paused. Footsteps behind her. She changed her route, walking away from Madam's. She would not lead them to the rest of the cell. The footsteps behind her quickened. An iron hand slammed onto her shoulder, and a harsh voice assaulted her ears.
>A dark shadow slipped into the night. It hurried in the direction Bridgette had intended to go.
Katrine strapped the gun to her waist. She was worried. Bridgette was not back and Henre had gone in search of her. She was very worried. The door opened. Katrine tensed and whirled around. "Henre!" The impassive man with troubled eyes spoke gravely. "The Gestapo has Bridgette."
>Katrine turned white. "Oh god no."
Bridgette tenderly touched her jaw. It wasn't broken. They wouldn't dare. Then he entered the room. His eyes, once soft with desire now were cold with hatred. He spat at her.
>"The thought of you caring my child disgusts me."
Bridgette said nothing.
>Whack! His hand slammed into her head.
"Save yourself and your child by telling me where the resistance is."
>Bridgette said nothing.
They had burned everything. The Americans had arrive. The shooting began. Katrine was as near frantic as she had ever been. The US army was not making her any calmer.

>"You do not understand, Captain Hiller. I must be allowed to try to get to the Nazi headquarters before you bomb it!"
"Look, lady. It's a war zone out there!" The captain explained.

>"I am very aware of that! I've been here since it started, remember! I have an operative in there and I will not sacrifice her!"

"Look, I'm sorry about your people..."

>Katrine's voice was deadly. "I will not sacrifice her life. Is that understood?"
The two glared at each other.

>Suddenly Henre burst into the room. "Katrine, the German's are evacuation headquarters. They are taking the prisoners with them."

"Can we get to her?"

>"There is heavy artillery shelling between us and them."
"Damn it!"

>Bridgette began to struggle when she realized she being led outside to a truck instead of executed. Death she could deal with. She would not be taken to Germany, or worse yet, only be kept alive until her baby was born. She would not lose this child who had cost her so much. She began to plead in rapid french to her captures. The noise of the battle raged around them. By chance, an explosion knocked them to the ground. Before she could think, Bridgette ran for her life.

The streets of St. Claire were in chaos. Lieutenant Bobby Davis had never seen such pandemonium. He reached Katrine's and headed into report.

>"Captain!" he called.
"Report."

>"Heavy shelling around HQ. They're in retreat."
Katrine glared at the Captain. "Just what my people told you."

>The Captain sighed. "Look lady, I'm sorry about your operative. But this is war. People die. She knew the risks when she took the assignment."
Katrine was pale. "No she didn't. She had no idea what I asked her to do until it as too late. And God help me, I never told her. She's a child Captain. Her innocence was the first casualty in St. Claire."

>The captain and the resistance leader locked eyes. The moment was interrupted by a commotion in the kitchen of the restaurant.

"Captain," a solider called, "you better get in here sir!"

>Captain Hiller strode into the kitchen with Katrine on his heels. They could hear a strident voice shouting at the guards in fairly fluent english.
"Look, you silly man. You must let me through. I belong here!"

>"I'm sorry miss. This establishment has been commandeered by the United States Army."
"The United States Army." Bridgette was near hysterics. "The United States Army is here to free us, no? So let me pass!"

>"I'm sorry."
A rapid fire of french followed, french that Captain Hiller was sure he didn't learn in school. The sight that greeted him was that of a brunette, petite, very pregnant young woman shaking her fist at his men. Before he could do anything, Katrine pushed past him and rushed to the young woman.

>"Bridgette!"
"Madam," was all the girl could cry before she was engulfed in the older woman's arms. Katrine released the girl only to check her for obvious injuries. They were speaking in rapid fire french and the good captain was quite lost.

>"Would some one care to fill me in?" he queried.
Katrine switched to english. "My operative. Are you all right?"

>"I've been better," the girl replied in french.
Captain Hiller looked at Katrine incredulously. "You used a pregnant woman as an operative?"

>"No," Bridgette replied in english. "She did not. I volunteered."

"Enough," Katrine exclaimed. "Let's get you off your feet. I want

to know how you got here."

>They walked into the main room. Bridgette froze at the sight of Lt. Davis still were his commanding officer had left him.
"Bobby!"

>Bobby stared at her, his eyes wide with shock. Bridgette colored with shame as he ran his eyes over her swollen belly.
"Bobby, Please..." Just then, the baby gave a violent kick, sending Bridgette into a spasm of pain. She felt a warm fluid seep into her dress. "Oh, God, no..."

>"Bridgette?" Katrine's arms were around her.
"It's started. It's too early."

>"The baby?"
"Yes. If he'd only known. Another good smack would have given him his prize right then and there." Tears welled in her eyes.

>Katrine died inside. What had she done to this poor child?
"Get her in the side parlor, facing the alley," Hiller suggested. Katrine did not argue. "Lt. Davis, help them."

>Bobby helped Katrine with Bridgette. His questions could wait. Captain Hiller watched the two help the beaten, bloody young woman away. War had many casualties.
Katrine stroked Bridgette's forehead. The girl's contractions had quickened. It was too early. They needed a medic. She would talk to Captain Hiller. It was the only way.

>"Stay here." She commanded the young Lt. with her. She exited the room.
Bridgette's hand found Bobby's. He did not pull away.

>"Bobby, I'm so sorry."
"For what?" he gazed in to her pain filled eyes as he tried make light of the situation.

>"He thought I was pretty. It was a way to find out troop movements and raids. I'm so sorry. I never stopped loving you. I'm so sorry. Forgive me. No, don't. It is unforgivable. Just don't hate me. Please, don't hate me."
"I don't hate you Bridgette. I couldn't."

>She stiffened as another contraction ripped through her body. She clung to him. He pressed a hand to her cheek. "I love you Bobby."
"Shh, don't talk."

>"Bobby, if I die..."
"You're not going to die."

>"If I die, please, do not let him take my baby."
"Bridgette, what are you talking about?" He noticed her eyes had begun to glaze over with fever.

>"Don't let him take my baby! Promise me!"
He gripped her strongly. "I promise."

>Thirty two hours later. The Germans were gone. The shelling and shooting had stopped. Bobby Davis stood in the doorway of a room in a little french restaurant. Bridgette lay there, in that room, still unconscious from the bloody advent of the end of her pregnancy. Her child, born weak and small but very much alive, had been carefully washed and dressed by Katrine and was being tended to by Henre. The child would need better medical care if it was to live to see it's first birthday. He wanted to make sure it did. Bobby gazed at her one last time and turned his back. They were moving out. He left a message with Katrine.
"Tell her there was never anything to forgive."

>Bridgette sat, gazing at the street with dead eyes. Her daughter was sleeping in the wooden cradle at her feet. Elsie had found it for her. She didn't ask where. Soldiers and refugees from Paris filled the quiet little streets of St. Claire. She heard someone behind her.
"We have no more to give. No food for refugees." She said without looking up.

>"I'm not here for the food."
Bridgette looked up at the sound of

that voice only to be swept up into the arms of one Lt. Davis seconds later.

>"I prefer the company." <p>

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file.